

Pair to-day and to-morrow; not much change in temperature. Yesterday's temperature—Max., 52; Min., 32.

The Herald has the largest morning home circulation, and prints all the news of the world each day, in addition to many exclusive features.

ROOSEVELT SHOT BY WOULD-BE ASSASSIN

ROOSEVELT SHOT; NOT BADLY HURT

Maniac's Bullet Enters Colonel's Right Side, But Bull Moose Leader Refuses Aid Until After Speech Has Been Delivered.

ATTEMPT ON LIFE IN MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee, Wis., Oct. 14.—An attempt to assassinate Col. Roosevelt was made to-night as he started on his way from the Hotel Gilpatrick, in this city, to the Auditorium.

As he stepped into an automobile, a shot was fired by a poorly attired man, who edged his way through the crowd to the motor car. The stranger took deliberate aim, and sent the bullet crashing into the former President's right side just below the breast. The would-be assassin was grappled by Elbert H. Martin, the colonel's stenographer, and Capt. Alfred O. Gerard, of Milwaukee, a Rough Rider under Roosevelt.

TRIED TO SHOOT AGAIN.

As he was about to fire a second shot, the revolver, a .32-caliber affair, was knocked from his hand by Col. Cecil Lyon, of Texas, who is accompanying Col. Roosevelt on his mid-Western campaign trip. Lyon jumped out of the automobile and started to choke the would-be assassin.

Roosevelt, who had staggered back into the automobile when the shot was fired, raised himself up and stood looking at Lyon, who was sitting on the man. The colonel cried, with a gesture, "Don't hurt him; I'm all right."

A captain of police rushed in as Lyon released his grip on the fellow, and with Lyon's help, dragged the man into the hotel kitchen.

SCHUNK, FROM NEW YORK.

The assassin later gave his name as John Schrank, of 370 East Tenth Street, New York. It is believed that he is a maniac who has been following the colonel about the country waiting an opportunity to fire the shot he fired to-night.

In an incoherent manner Schrank told Chief Janssen at police headquarters of having wanted to kill Roosevelt as he did not believe any President ought to have more than two terms.

Ignorant of Wound.

The car started up and in a moment Roosevelt was on his way to the hall with a bullet in his side. The former President did not actually realize that he had been shot until he got to the Auditorium, five blocks distant. He knew that the bullet had grazed him, because he felt it graze him, but he believed it had simply gone through his overcoat.

As he reached the Auditorium, Roosevelt felt a sharp sting in his side and instinctively placed his hand to his right breast. Dr. Terrill, his private physician, who rode in the automobile with him, noticed the gesture.

"Colonel, I believe you are hurt," he suggested with alarm.

"No, not at all," returned Roosevelt, with a smile. "I feel fine."

"I want to see if the bullet hit you," insisted Terrill.

"Don't bother yourself," protested Roosevelt, unperturbed. "If it hurt me I would tell you."

Dr. Terrill persisted that he ought to examine the colonel.

"Now, if we wait to do that," fretted Roosevelt, "you'll delay the meeting, and there are people waiting in the Auditorium to see me."

Thousands Wait for T. R.

All this colloquy took place in a room just outside the Auditorium. Fifteen thousand people in the hall had heard the former President's automobile whirling up to the door and they were yelling for him. Dr. Terrill was obstinate.

"You can't go in there until I've seen if that bullet took effect," remarked Terrill. "You owe it to yourself, colonel, to let me satisfy myself about it."

"Oh, well, if it disturbs you, go ahead," laughed the colonel.

In the meantime members of the Roosevelt party, in great alarm, had gone to the platform of the Auditorium to prepare the huge audience for the shocking news of the attempted assassination.

Determined to Speak.

"My dear doctor, that is impossible," declared Roosevelt firmly. "I'm going to make that speech if it is the last one."

Dr. Stratton and Sayle nodded to the colonel and asked him if he felt any pain. Roosevelt, who was sitting up straight in a chair, the most placid man in the group, replied, with a wave of the hand: "Now, I am not hurt a bit, I don't think the bullet hit me. If you'll wait until I've finished my speech I'll let you see for yourselves."

As he spoke Roosevelt got up from the chair and insisted on being showed the way to the stage. Dr. Terrill implored him not to go.

Col. Lyon tried to stop him but Roosevelt gently pushed the Texan aside, saying: "Now, Cecil, you're disturbing the campaign."

Seeing it was useless to interfere, the colonel's bodyguard escorted him to the platform. As Roosevelt walked firmly to the stage as though nothing in the world was the matter, the gigantic crowd burst into the wildest cheer he has heard in his campaign trip. Roosevelt, who had clung to his hat through all the excitement, passed it over to his cousin, Philip Roosevelt, and faced the yelling throng. He waved his hand at the crowd, paced a few steps along the platform, waved at the galleries and acted exactly as he did at the Coliseum at Chicago last Saturday, when he was the storm center of a wild multitude.

Crowd Offers Sympathy.

Roosevelt finally raised his hand to stop the cheering, and as the crowd ceased a voice cried:

"Colonel, we sympathize with you."

Roosevelt greeted his teeth and shouted back:

"Now, don't you worry; it's nothing at all."

The former President had in his pocket a carefully prepared speech, which he had dictated on the train on his way to Milwaukee. Without any formality, excepting to greet the crowd as "fellow citizens of Wisconsin," the colonel put the manuscript into the hands of his cousin, Philip Roosevelt, and went on to the stage.

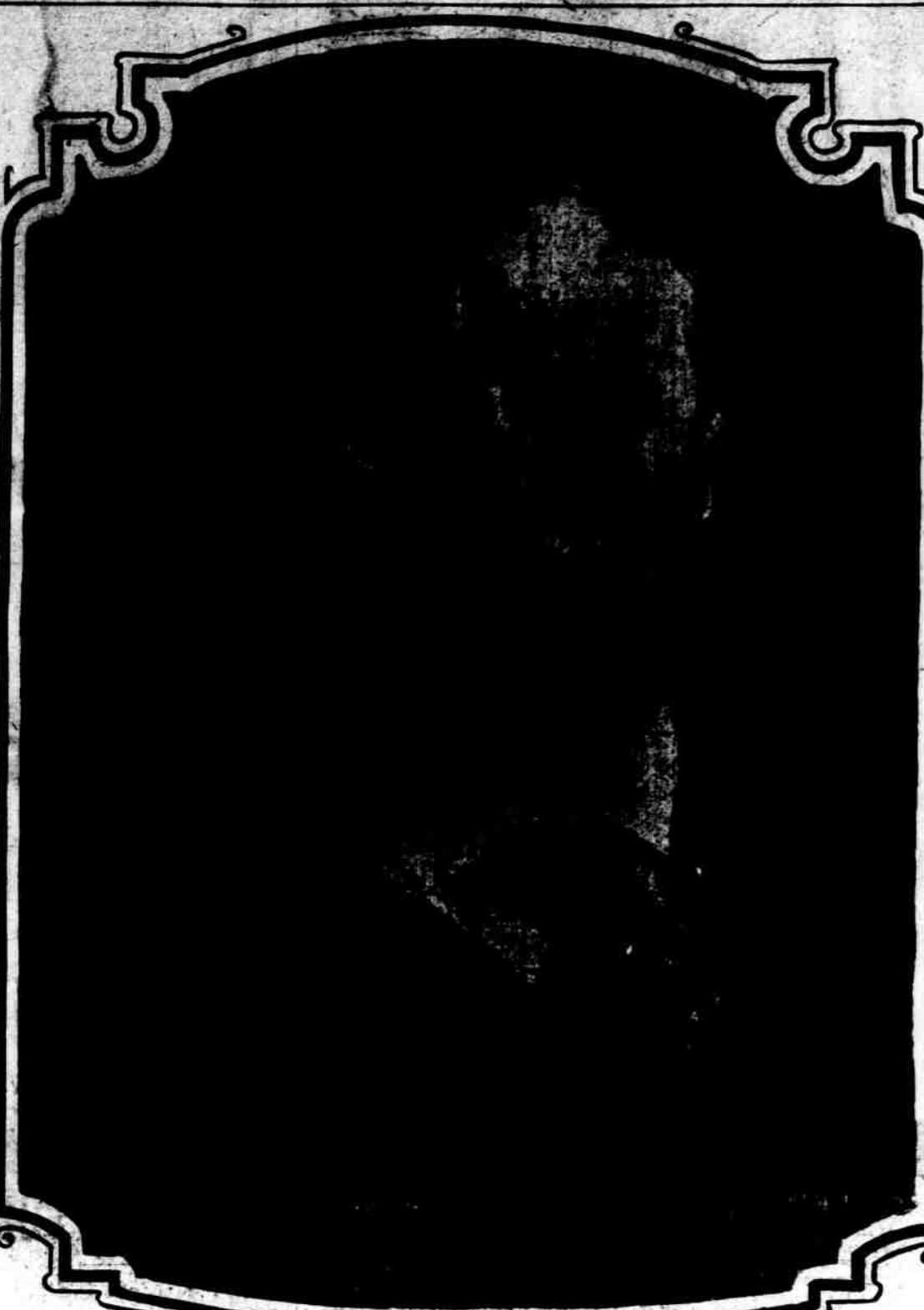
The bullet had torn a round hole in the thick coat, and it had come into the fleshy part of the chest and had lodged there.

Those on the platform saw a tinge of red about the bullet mark on the manuscript. Dr. Terrill started from his chair, bound on having the colonel stop and go at once to the hospital. Roosevelt said he would not go.

Turning around, the former President exclaimed impatiently:

"You just stay where you are! I am going to make this speech, and you might as well compose yourself!"

Terrill had a suspicion all the time that the bullet had found its mark, but he had been balked by the colonel so that he could not make certain. He sat in his chair, his face blanched, as Roosevelt launched into the speech.



COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE WORLD SHUDDERS AND CONGRATULATES

Thanks to a lucky Providence, the U. S. today is spared the humiliation and sorrow of a repetition of the horrors it experienced during the dark days that followed the assassination of the loved and revered Lincoln, the martyr Garfield, and the statesman McKinley. The whole world will be glad to learn that the bullet of a dastardly would-be murderer failed to reach a vital spot when he attempted to assassinate former President Roosevelt last night in Milwaukee.

Mr. Roosevelt, after the attempt on his life, showed the kind of timber he is made of, that he has red blood in his veins, that he does not know the meaning of the word "fear," and that's the spirit every one admires. Mr. Roosevelt, in insisting upon filling his engagement after being wounded, proved himself to be a real man, a true American, and possessed of the kind of nerve that has made him the most-talked-of man in public life.

The Washington Herald, at this writing, lacks

the accurate information necessary to discuss the motives of the cowardly villain who attempted the assassination, yet it believes he must be mentally unbalanced and acted on his own initiative. The present campaign has been a most violent one, and has been replete with charges and counter charges, but nothing has been said or done to warrant any one losing their mental balance, therefore we cannot help but believe the attempt on the life of the former President of the United States was the act of a madman or some species of crank whose proper place is behind the bars.

The Herald, in congratulating Mr. Roosevelt upon his providential escape, knows it represents the views of all its readers, regardless of politics. We sincerely hope and trust that his wound is no more serious than the dispatches say, and that his physical ability to keep up his remarkable campaign is not impaired. As for the effect it will have upon his future, we will leave that for the future to decide.

Mr. Taft Shocked To Hear the News

New York, Oct. 14.—The first news of the attempted assassination of former President Roosevelt in Milwaukee was carried to the banquet room of the Hotel Astor, where President Taft, Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and 2,500 army and navy officers were dining in honor of the Atlantic Fleet's departure, by a newspaper man.

President Taft was informed of the attempted murder almost immediately.

"Mr. President, it is unfortunate to have to tell you that Mr. Roosevelt has been shot at in Milwaukee by an assassin," Mr. Taft was told.

"I am immensely shocked," the President replied, leaning back in his chair.

"Will you say anything further for publication, Mr. President?" was asked.

Meyer's Face Blanches.

"I do not know the circumstances now, and I have, therefore, nothing to say," Mr. Taft replied.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer's face blanched when he was informed of the news.

While the colonel was on his way to the hospital, which is ten blocks away from the scene, the news was spread.

TURKISH TROOPS MOVE ON SERBIA, STARTING WAR

Ottoman Army on Frontier Estimated at About 80,000 Men.

KING OFF FOR THE FRONT

Belgrade Is Enthusiastic Over the Impending War with Sultan.

By J. C. CONWAY.

Belgrade, Oct. 14.—Hostilities began at 6 o'clock this morning between Turkey and Serbia. The Turkish troops attacked the Serbian outposts near Vranja, a customs examination station on the line to Saloniki and crossed into Serbian territory.

The Turkish force which crossed the border is backed by a force estimated at 80,000. The Serbian force along the frontier is 150,000. The situation is so serious that the Serbian commander-in-chief, Gen. Radomir Putnik, is leaving for the front.

Serbia has 300,000 men under arms, all making for the Turkish frontier. The King's two brothers, Princes Arseno and Alexie, Crown Prince Alexander, and Prince George, the King's two sons, are also leaving for the front. There is tremendous enthusiasm in Belgrade over the impending struggle.

Mitch in Peace Treaty.

Rome, Oct. 14.—Despite the signing of a peace agreement by representatives of Italy and Turkey, which has arisen because of the Sultan's insistence on the immediate carrying out by Italy of her part of the agreement, which includes the abandonment of the Turkish islands seized during the war, while he seeks to delay the withdrawal of the Turkish troops from Tripoli and Cyrenacia, which have been ceded to Italy. The Turkish ruler also wishes to delay the proclamation of the transfer of this territory, fearing the announcement might cause an uprising which would seriously hamper Turkey in the trouble with the Balkan states.

TAKE THREE TOWNS.

Podgoritz, Oct. 14.—News has just reached here of the capture by the Montenegrin forces of the Turkish positions at Tusi, Vranj, and Chitchevnik. Hundreds of prisoners were taken.

There is great suffering among the thousands of wounded brought here from the front. Only three or four surgeons are on hand to care for the hundreds of serious cases. There is also a lack of nurses and the food supply is almost exhausted. It is understood that the men at the front are also suffering great privations because of the incomplete equipment with which they were forced to fight.

Edward H. Wales is a brother of Mrs. Elihu Root. The Wales family live in a semiprivate in the most expensive section of Washington Heights and are facing the McMillan Monument. Mrs. Wales was formerly Miss Ruth Hawks, of New York. Their daughter, Miss Ruth Wales, is an intimate of Miss Helen Taft and a regular visitor at the White House.

In Real Estate Game.

Horace H. Westcott is prominent in the bigger real estate game in Washington. His wife is a daughter of Admiral John Rodgers, U. S. N., and is accredited with considerable wealth. She is known as one of the most intellectually brilliant women in Washington.

The Westcotts occupy a house in sixteenth Street, adjoining the home of Attorney General George W. Wickersham. They move in the same social strata as do Representative and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, the Letter family, Miss Mabel Boardman, and Mrs. Westcott is counted one of Mrs. Taft's most intimate friends.

John M. Biddle, the secretary of the corporation and the only member of the organization who makes his presence evident at the corporation's place of business, is a son of the late Col. J. M. Biddle, U. S. A. He married the daughter of a well-known California banker. He also has an official connection with the management of the Metropolitan Club.

Montgomery Blair is a member of the famous Blair family of Maryland. His father was Postmaster General in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. Blair was formerly Miss Edith Draper. Mr. Blair is a lawyer. His home is at Silver Spring, Md., about seven miles north of Washington, and is the original estate of his distinguished father.

Henry M. Ward is a distinguished retired officer of the United States Navy and is wealthy. Mrs. Ward was formerly Miss Mary M. Hartshorn. Lieut. Ward in 1898 was on leave of absence in Europe. When the Spanish-American war was brewing, he, at the request of the government, but subsequent to his own volunteering for the dangerous mission, went to Madrid as a spy. He posed as an Englishman of means, and for the whole period of the war was the confidential agent of the United States government at the Spanish capital. He was mentioned for gallantry to President McKinley by Secretary John D. Long, but shortly after the war was retired from active service.

Laurel (M.) Mearns. Baltimore and Ohio R. R. special trains at 1:10 and 2:30 p. m. week days; returning after close of season. Round trip, 25 cents.

The Great Hagerstown (Md.) Fair. Tickets good going on all Baltimore and Ohio trains Oct. 11 to 15; valid for return until 15th. \$1.00; and for special trains only, leaving Union Station 7:30 a. m. Oct. 16 and 21, \$2.50 for the round trip.

NOTED CLUBMEN OPERATE SALOON; NAMES REVEALED

Mysterious "Metropolitan Co., Inc.," Composed of Most Prominent Members.

"LEAK" COMES AT LAST

Personalities of Directors Interesting—Viscount de Sibour Draw Plans for the Bar.

It became known yesterday that Viscount Jules Henri de Sibour, George Howard, Paul S. Pearsall, and John M. Biddle, all prominently identified with the Metropolitan Club, are the leading lights in the mysterious "Metropolitan Company, Inc.," which operates the bar in the new Riggs Building, at Fifteenth and G Streets.

Incorporated in the State of Delaware under a name which does not betray the identity of the actual incorporators, the Metropolitan Company has existed for a year without a whisper of its existence being known outside the sacred precincts of the Metropolitan Club. But the news was of a character which would not keep, hence the inevitable "leak."

The company is technically a Delaware corporation. It was organized in Delaware October 15, 1911, for "general business purposes," which were not specified in the charter. The names of the real organizers were veiled behind the names of three dummy incorporators, lawyers of Wilmington, Del., who are always willing to allow their names to be used for a "consideration."

Made Plans for Bar.

Viscount de Sibour was the architect of the new Riggs Building, and Horace Westcott, George Howard, and a few local Croesuses all had a finger in the real estate deal. Viscount de Sibour made the plans for the building and incidentally for the bar itself, but none knew until long afterward that he was to be one of the joint proprietors of the bar.

No matter who asked for the name of the actual proprietor of the Riggs Building barroom he was invariably answered, "The Metropolitan Company." And if he persisted and inquired who was the Metropolitan Company, he discovered that he was up against a stone wall. But indefatigable investigation has brought the entire matter to light. This is the directory:

John M. Biddle, John F. Wilkins, Montgomery Blair, Horace H. Westcott, Edward A. Mitchell, Henry H. Ward, Edward H. Wales, Robert Roosevelt, Jules Henri de Sibour, Paul S. Pearsall, George Howard, and P. Lee Phillips, of the Metropolitan Club; Julius Meil, of Washington, the business manager of the organization, and likewise president of the corporation, who is a practical salon man and not a member of the Metropolitan Club, and Ralph C. Lupton, of Wilmington, Del., who is the corporation's resident member in its "home office."

The personalities of the members of the board of directors are most interesting. Such of the members as are Metropolitan Club members, as well as those at the forefront of the social life of Washington, in addition to Mr. Meil, are Edward H. Wales, vice president; Horace H. Westcott, treasurer, and John M. Biddle, secretary.

Edward H. Wales is a brother of Mrs. Elihu Root. The Wales family live in a semiprivate in the most expensive section of Washington Heights and are facing the McMillan Monument. Mrs. Wales was formerly Miss Ruth Hawks, of New York. Their daughter, Miss Ruth Wales, is an intimate of Miss Helen Taft and a regular visitor at the White House.

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